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First Contact

by [ReginaPrimata](#)

Summary

In the hours before the final assault on the Collector Base, Shepard and Garrus finally add benefits to their friendship. Or, as one reader phrased it, went from head bump to bed hump.

Notes

Originally posted on Tumblr from March 18, 2012 through September 20, 2012.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Establishing shot of the couch in Shepard's quarters aboard the Cerberus-rebuilt Normandy. Her casual clothes and Garrus's are strewn across the couch.

FIRST CONTACT / An adult fan comic based on characters from the Mass Effect series. / Art and story: Regina Primata / Apologies to BioWare...

GARRUS (o/s): This is ridiculous.

Panel 2: Shepard sits on top of Garrus as he struggles with her bra.

SHEPARD: Having trouble?

GARRUS: No, I've got it, I... All right, maybe a little.

Panel 3: Garrus gives up and rests his hands on Shepard's thighs. Shepard smiles down at him as she undoes her bra herself.

SHEPARD: If it's any reassurance, there are plenty of human men who have the same problem with these.

Panel 4: Shepard casually tosses her bra aside.

GARRUS: Seems kind of counterintuitive. I'm amazed your species isn't extinct if this is what constitutes foreplay.

SHEPARD: We get by all right.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus cups Shepard's right breast in one hand and rubs a finger over her left nipple with the other.

GARRUS (o/s): So... these are sensitive, aren't they?

Panel 2: Garrus leans in toward Shepard's breasts. She strokes his crest gently.

SHEPARD: Why don't you find out for yourself? It's no fun if I just tell you.

GARRUS: Heh. I suppose not.

Panel 3: Extreme closeup on Garrus's tongue as he tentatively licks Shepard's right nipple.

Panel 4: Shepard closes her eyes and holds the back of Garrus's head as he continues.

SHEPARD: nnngh, yes... just like tha—

Panel 5: Sudden panic as sharp turian teeth come into play. Shepard grimaces and rapidly smacks Garrus's carapaced shoulder to get his attention.

SHEPARD: OW OW OW! Watch the teeth! WATCH THE TEETH!

SFX: WHAP WHAP WHAP



Transcript:

Panel 1: Shepard frowns and rubs her now-sore right breast; Garrus apologizes, putting his hand over hers.

GARRUS: Sorry! But... you told me you liked being bitten...

SHEPARD: Gently. A nibble here and there's fine. These aren't chew toys, Garrus.

GARRUS: Sorry...

Panel 2: Shepard quickly resumes a playfully seductive attitude. She slides off Garrus's lap and traces a finger down to where a penis would be on a male human; on Garrus's turian body, there's a slit in the center of his otherwise smooth, carapaced pubic region.

SHEPARD: It's all right. Now, let's see if we can't get things moving along here...

Panel 3: Shepard nuzzles her head under Garrus's chin. Garrus, however, appears mildly perturbed.

GARRUS: Er, Shepard? What exactly are you doing?

SHEPARD: heh heh

Panel 4: Now it's Garrus's turn to panic. He screams, surprising Shepard, who thought she was doing all right.

GARRUS: GYAAAGH!

Panel 5: Garrus winces as we pull back and see two of Shepard's fingers tucked inside Garrus's genital slit. Shepard looks down toward it, confused.

GARRUS (pained): ...the hell are you trying to do?!

SHEPARD: I was just going to take it out...



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus gently but firmly pulls Shepard's hand away from his genital slit as he explains her anatomical mishap.

GARRUS: You can't just jam your fingers into a guy's sheath like that.

SHEPARD: Then how...?

GARRUS: It'll come out on its own when I'm aroused enough... [under his breath] which is going to take a little longer now...

Panel 2: Shepard squints in confusion after an unsexy but logical question occurs to her. Garrus is mildly irritated by this conversational direction.

SHEPARD: Wait, if it hurts you to go in after it, how do you pee?

GARRUS: Muscular control. Can we please change the subject?

Panel 3: Shepard repositions herself back onto Garrus's lap.

SHEPARD: Yeah, I think we can call a do-over. How should we do this?

Panel 4: They attempt to initiate sexy times, but even more awkwardly now. Shepard reaches her left hand toward Garrus's face; Garrus moves his right hand toward her breasts again.

Panel 5: Shepard tilts her head to the side as she rethinks her approach; Garrus cups her breast, but is similarly unsure if that's what he should be doing.

Panel 6: Shepard sits back. The two of them look directly at each other, uncertainty plain on both their faces.

Panel 7: Shepard gives up and lies down on Garrus, defeat and worry plastered all over her face. Garrus embraces her, eyes closed, sharing her frustration.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Shepard looks pitifully up into Garrus's eyes.

SHEPARD: Please tell me you're not giving up. I really want this with you, Garrus.

Panel 2: Garrus strokes Shepard's hair as he looks back down at her.

GARRUS: So do I. Believe me, so do I. It's just... I think we're overcomplicating things here.

Panel 3: Garrus's visor sits on a nightstand in the foreground as he continues to talk. Their arms dominate the middle ground view, Garrus's alien carapace contrasting against Shepard's smooth human skin.

GARRUS: When you get down to it, appearances—and fairly important biochemistry—aside, we're not that different. At the end of the day, we're just two consenting adults trying to show one another a good time.

Panel 4: Shepard sits back up, heartened now that she knows Garrus is still game. She smiles as he runs a thumb over her lower lip.

SHEPARD: Heh, true enough. So what're you thinking? Just forget the vids and see where the night takes us?

Panel 5: Shepard leans forward; Garrus rests his hand on her shoulder.

GARRUS: Let me put it to you this way: If biology weren't an issue and we weren't concerned with whose body has what... what would your first move be?



Transcript:

Panel 1: Shepard pushes forward and kisses Garrus.

Panels 2-5: Their kiss deepens, first with the parting of lips, then entwining tongues, and then a

gentle sharp-toothed nip at Shepard's lower lip.

Panel 6: Garrus decides it's safe to move forward. As they continue kissing, he takes hold of Shepard's knee, lifting up her left leg.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Shepard has thrown an arm around Garrus's neck as he kisses/nuzzles down her chest. Meanwhile, Garrus has worked a hand under Shepard's underwear.

Panel 2: As Garrus works on removing Shepard's panties, she voices some concern.

SHEPARD (o/s): Um, hey...

Panel 3: Garrus listens as Shepard continues, her eyes nervously fixed on his hands near her now-exposed nether regions.

SHEPARD: Can you... just be careful down there?

Panel 4: Garrus half-lids his eyes at her. Shepard looks back at him.

SHEPARD: What?

Panel 5: Garrus, expression unchanged, continues.

GARRUS: You'll trust me to keep a pack of husks off you at 500 yards, but not to watch my own claws?

SHEPARD: They **are** pretty long...

Panel 6: Garrus casually reassures Shepard as he scoots down, lifting her leg aside to open her up to him.

GARRUS: Relax. I promise I'll take it slow.

Panel 7: Close-up of Shepard's unshaven vulva as Garrus's fingers begin exploring, looking for a certain part he'd noted during his research.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Shepard props herself up on a pillow as she begins feeling the effects of Garrus's handiwork. She's blushing, eyes closed, breathing a little harder now.

SHEPARD: I... ahh...

Panels 2-3: Close-up on Garrus's hand as he continues. He rubs her clit, then presses a finger inside her.

Panel 4: Garrus looks over at Shepard as she reacts. She grips the pillow, now panting.

Panel 5: Close-up on Shepard's face. Her blush has spread completely over her cheeks and nose, and her eyebrows knit together as her eyes squeeze shut more tightly in response to Garrus's touch. She moans quietly.

Panel 6: Closeup on Garrus, who is pleased with Shepard's response.

SHEPARD: ahh god...



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus pauses to reposition himself, prompting a complaint from a now hot-and-bothered Shepard.

SHEPARD: (pants) please... don't stop...

GARRUS: Don't worry, I'm not.

Panel 2: Garrus lies down on his side next to Shepard, facing her.

Panel 3: Garrus pulls Shepard close to him, tucking her head under his chin as she grips his collar.

Panel 4: Closeup on Shepard, holding tight to Garrus, looking past him with unfocused eyes as off-panel, he resumes touching her.

SHEPARD: (moans) oh god... oh please...

Panel 5: Tight closeup of Shepard's eye squeezed shut. She's right on the edge before release...

Panel 6: Shepard squeezes close to Garrus as she comes. His fingers are buried in her, and we can see he's finally aroused enough to show what she'd been digging around for a few pages earlier.

SHEPARD: nnnNNNGH GOD! [coming down] Haaa... oh yes...



Transcript:

Panel 1: Shepard rolls onto her back to recover. Garrus props himself up and smirks down at her.

GARRUS: Can I assume you enjoyed that?

SHEPARD: (sighs contentedly)

Panel 2: Shepard turns her head toward Garrus, smiling cheekily as her blush fades.

SHEPARD: Hah... not bad for a starter. What else've you got to show me?

Panel 3: Shepard picks up her head to look down toward Garrus's crotch.

GARRUS: Well... [clears throat] Now that you mention it...

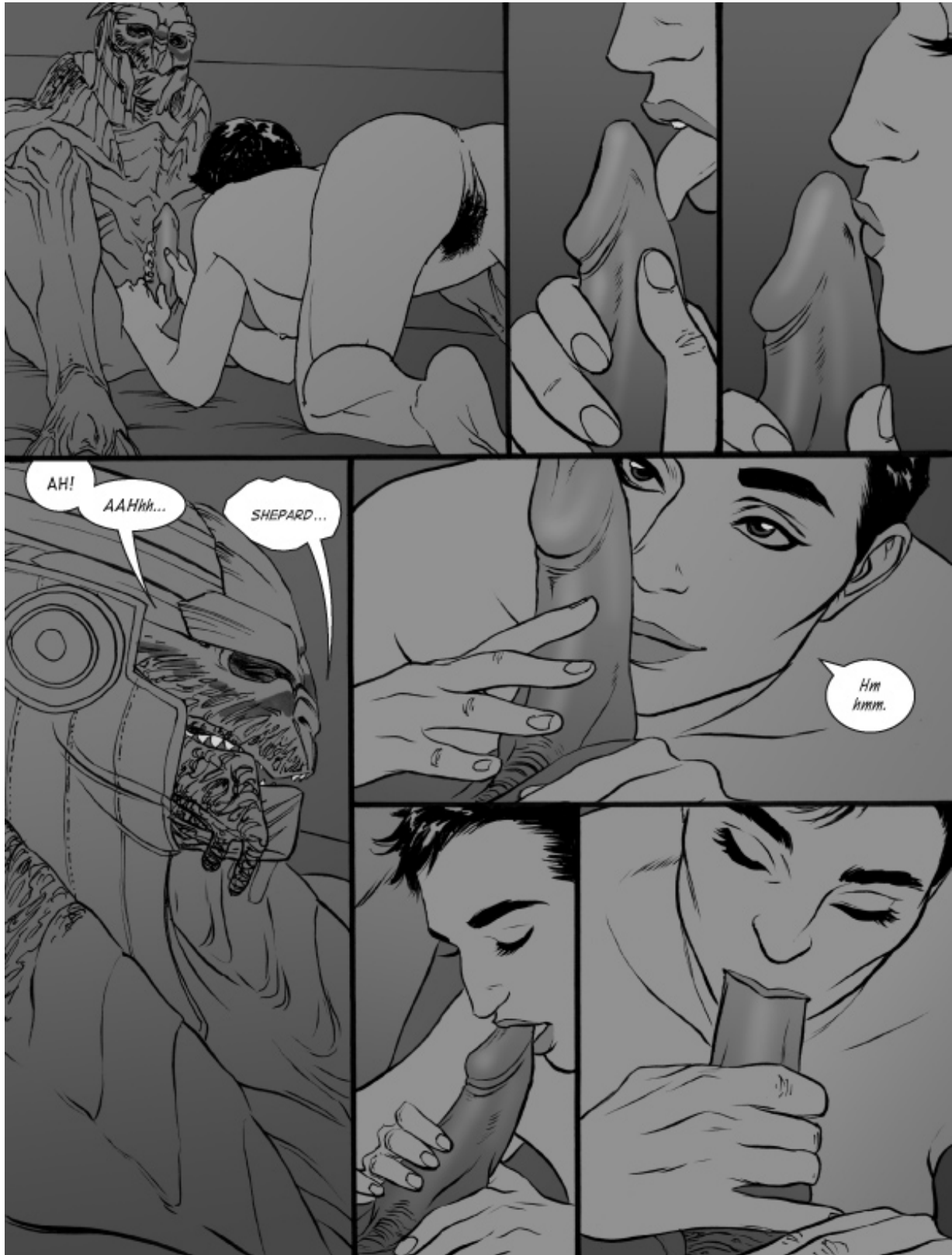
SHEPARD: Aha.

Panel 4: Shepard sits up and reaches toward Garrus's erection. It basically resembles a human penis, although with a more pointed and less well-defined glans, and a streamlined bulge near the base of the shaft.

SHEPARD: You're not going to scream when I touch it this time, are you?

GARRUS: Ha... That depends on how good a job you do.

Panel 5: Shepard gently strokes the underside of Garrus's penis beneath the tip, where the frenulum would be on a human.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Shepard scoots backward and lowers her head to Garrus's crotch as he watches.

Panel 2: Grasping Garrus's erection in one hand, Shepard licks the tip...

Panel 3: ...then gives it a dainty peck.

Panel 4: Garrus gasps and squeezes his eyes shut at a sensation he's never quite experienced before.

GARRUS: Ah! AAHhh... Shepard...

Panel 5: Shepard takes in Garrus's reaction with a smirk, resting her lips against his cock and lightly laughing to herself.

Panels 6-7: Getting down to business, Shepard looks back down to the task at hand and takes the head of Garrus's cock fully into her mouth.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus sits up, bracing himself against the bed and its headboard, back arching as Shepard's mouth on him starts overwhelming his senses. He pants and grunts as she takes him in deeper.

GARRUS (panting): oh, Shepard...

Panel 2: Closeup on Shepard. She looks up to watch Garrus's reaction as she takes in nearly the entire length of his cock.

GARRUS (still panting): oh...

Panel 3: Garrus turns his head, nearly unable to contain himself.

GARRUS: Shepard... too much... [pants] it's too much...

Panel 4: Shepard takes him out of her mouth, still holding his penis in one hand and stroking the underside with her thumb. She gives him the same smile as before as he rests one hand on the nape of her neck.

GARRUS (catching his breath): You're... [pants] really something else...

SHEPARD: Heh... Is that so?

Panel 5: Shepard resumes. She closes her eyes and presses her lips to the underside of Garrus's shaft.

Panel 6: Garrus looks down at her, slightly panicked.

GARRUS: Ah... Shepard...

Panel 7: Shepard looks up at Garrus as she coyly begins licking the bulge at the base of his shaft.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus shouts and pushes Shepard's shoulders to remove himself from her. She looks up at him, startled.

GARRUS: Shepard, stop... STOP!

Panel 2: Still holding Garrus's penis in one hand, Shepard gives him a confused look.

SHEPARD: What? Why? What's wrong?

Panel 3: Garrus calms down. He rests a hand on Shepard's shoulder as she sits back up to face him.

GARRUS: [grunts] Nothing, you were just doing a little **too** well. Wouldn't want to end this too early.

Panel 4: Shepard sits in Garrus's lap and holds his shoulder as well as they discuss the next move.

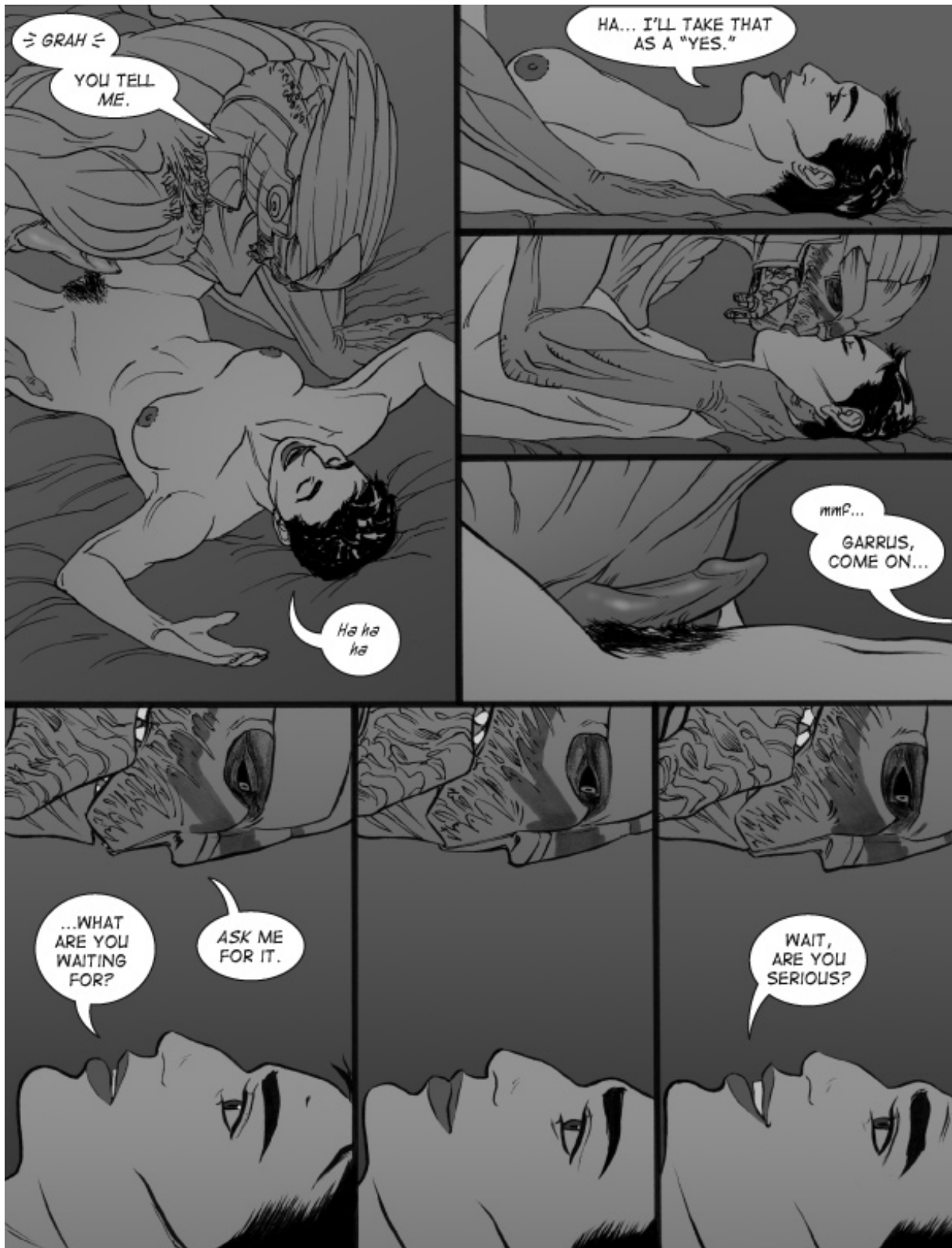
GARRUS: But I wouldn't mind trying that again later. It was... **very** nice.

SHEPARD: Never had a woman go down on you before?

Panel 5: They continue talking, Shepard smiling flirtatiously.

GARRUS: Turian women's mouths aren't exactly hospitable environments for that sort of thing, so no.

SHEPARD: Heh, I guess they wouldn't be. So... ready to move along?



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus flips Shepard onto her back and crawls over top of her (possibly recalling a move from the sparring match he'd told her about back in the battery, which started it all).

GARRUS (growling playfully): You tell me.

SHEPARD: [laughs]

Panel 2: Shepard continues laughing as she answers.

SHEPARD: Ha... I'll take that as a "yes."

Panel 3: Garrus slides a hand behind Shepard's neck as he leans down and kisses her.

Panel 4: Garrus teases Shepard, rubbing his erection against her vulva.

SHEPARD: [grunts] Garrus, come on...

Panel 5: Shepard gives Garrus a mildly irritated look.

SHEPARD: ...what are you waiting for?

GARRUS: Ask me for it.

Panel 6: Silence as Shepard continues looking up at Garrus above her, processing what he just said.

Panel 7: Shepard responds, incredulous.

SHEPARD: Wait, are you serious?



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus presses on. Shepard's pinned beneath him, and he's enjoying the inversion of their usual power dynamic.

GARRUS: Come on, indulge me in a little dirty talk. I want to hear you tell me all the things you want me to do to you.

SHEPARD: Can't we just **do** them instead?

Panel 2: Garrus continues to tease his commanding officer. Shepard is not amused.

GARRUS: Why Shepard, are you embarrassed? I wouldn't have pegged you for the shy type.

Panel 3: Garrus lies fully atop Shepard. He grasps both her hands in his and presses his face into her neck. Shepard sighs and acquiesces.

SHEPARD: [sigh] Fine. I... want you to [trailing off] put it in me.

GARRUS: You can do better than that.

Panel 4: Garrus trails his long turian tongue along Shepard's throat and collarbone. Her eyes squeeze shut again, both aroused and frustrated.

SHEPARD: Garrus, please...

GARRUS: I don't hear you asking. You must not want this very badly.

Panel 5: Shepard glares at a grinning Garrus.

SHEPARD: Damn it... Just fuck me already.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus lifts himself up in preparation to give Shepard what she wants.

GARRUS: That's the spirit. Brace yourself.

Panel 2: Garrus grasps Shepard's thighs and pushes himself inside her, driving a half-surprised grunt from Shepard.

Panel 3: Shepard bites her lip and closes her eyes, happy now that the main event is underway. Garrus leans back down on top of her as he begins thrusting.

GARRUS: Ah, Shepard...

SHEPARD: [groans] God yes...

Panel 4: Garrus closes his eyes and tilts his head back, opening his mouth enough to show his sharp teeth as he moans. Shepard voices her approval.

SHEPARD: This... is much more like it...

Panel 5: Garrus places his hand on Shepard's cheek to turn her face toward his for another kiss. She places her hand over his.

Panel 6: Shepard wraps her arms around Garrus as he does the same to her, continuing to thrust into her.

SHEPARD: Ohhh Garrus...



Transcript:

Panel 1: Closeup on Garrus's cock as he pulls almost entirely out...

Panel 2: ... then pushes back in, nearly burying himself to the hilt.

Panel 3: Garrus nuzzles Shepard's neck, reveling in the softness of her alien-to-him body. Shepard holds the back of his neck and claws at his shell-like collar, her face pinched as she enjoys what he's doing to her.

GARRUS: Ohhh... You're so soft... all over...

SHEPARD: Oh god... You don't know how long I've been waiting for this...

Panel 4: Garrus picks up his head long enough to notice an armchair sitting nearby, giving him an idea. Shepard, eyes closed, pants as she's still wrapped up in what she's feeling.

Panel 5: Garrus grins toothily as he glances back down to the still-rapt Shepard.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus slips out of Shepard as he moves off the bed, prompting an irritated protest from her.

SHEPARD: Hey, where are you—

GARRUS: Just hold on.

Panel 2: Garrus stands and picks Shepard up in a bridal carry. She's still irritated until she looks in the direction he's going and notices the armchair.

SHEPARD: Come on now, what're you... [noticing the chair] up to...

Panel 3: Shepard closes her eyes and laughs as Garrus lowers her into the chair. He gives her a kiss on the forehead.

Panel 4: Garrus drops to his knees in front of the seated Shepard and hoists her legs up, placing her feet on his shoulders. Shepard grins slyly and settles back against the chair's armrests.

SHEPARD: All right, I admit I like where this is going...

GARRUS: Thought you might.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus reaches down to where their bodies meet, adjusting for entry.

GARRUS: Just... give me a second here...

Panel 2: Closeup on Shepard's vulva. Garrus already has his cock nearly entirely inside her. He delicately places his thumbs against her labia minora. Gently, he spreads her wider open as the thicker portion of his shaft slides closer to her opening.

GARRUS: And...

*Panel 3: Shepard squeezes her eyes shut tightly and bites her lip, gripping the chair's armrests tightly as Garrus's bulge finally slips inside her with a wet *thup*.*

SHEPARD: mmMMMPH!

GARRUS: NNNNGH

Panel 4: Both Garrus and Shepard throw their heads back in ecstasy, experiencing something neither has before; for Shepard, the unique shape of Garrus's cock stretching her entrance as the rest of him fills her, and for Garrus, Shepard's softness and the unexpected tightness of a vagina shaped for a more uniformly-girthed penis.

BOTH: [groaning loudly in unison]



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus bends down to lick at Shepard's breasts. She moans softly in reply.

Panel 2: They kiss again, though this time it's less a kiss per se than simply opening their mouths

and letting their tongues twist against one another's. Shepard's blush has almost fully returned.

Panel 3: Garrus holds Shepard's hips with one arm and braces against the wall with another as his thrusts pick up speed and force. Shepard's fingers open and close against the armrests as she loses herself in the sensations.

SHEPARD: Ah! Oh god, Garrus...



Transcript:

Panel 1: Extreme closeup of Garrus pulling out of Shepard just enough to bring his bulb out. He's covered in her fluids.

Panel 2: Garrus pants in anticipation...

Panel 3: ...and then pushes back into Shepard completely, stretching her out.

Panel 4: Shepard bites her lower lip and grunts in appreciation.

Panel 5: Garrus collapses onto Shepard, gripping her shoulder and the back of the chair as he picks up speed. He squeezes his eyes shut and grits his teeth.

GARRUS: unngh, Shepard...

SHEPARD: Ohh... Garrus... don't... oh, don't ever stop...

Panel 6: Garrus takes Shepard's upper lip between his teeth and lightly brushes it with his tongue, prompting a surprised gasp from Shepard.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Shepard throws her head back and cries out loudly as she comes, her toes spread involuntarily.

Panel 2: A sweaty and appreciative Shepard compliments Garrus, who lightly licks her cheek.

SHEPARD (panting): whoo... Not bad, Vakarian.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus stands and grasps Shepard's wrist to help her up.

GARRUS: Not getting tired, are you?

SHEPARD: I could go all night. I just hope you can keep up.

Panel 2: Shepard rests a hand on Garrus's chest and gives his keel a light peck. He holds the back of her head and nuzzles her forehead.

GARRUS: Heh. I wouldn't worry about that.

Panel 3: Shepard moves toward the bed, her hand still in Garrus's. She looks back toward him.

SHEPARD: Give me a second to get ready.

GARRUS: Hmm?

Panel 4: Shepard kneels in front of the bed.

SFX: shff [bedsheets rustling]



Transcript:

Panel 1: Shepard is now bent over in front of Garrus, knees spread and resting her upper body on the bed. She glances back at him over her shoulder.

SHEPARD: All right. Let's see if you can go three for three.

GARRUS: Er...

Panel 2: A mildly apprehensive Garrus raises a question, boner notwithstanding.

GARRUS: I thought... human women found this position demeaning...?

Panel 3: Shepard, still bent over, rests her chin in one hand and gives Garrus a sardonic smile.

SHEPARD: Garrus. If I found this position demeaning, would I be bent over pointing my ass at you right now?

Panel 4: Garrus sees the logic in Shepard's argument and approaches her, placing his hands on her hips. She lies down against the mattress as he does so.

GARRUS: ...Point taken.

SHEPARD: Atta boy.

Panel 5: Garrus grasps his cock, still slick with Shepard's fluids, and presses the pointed tip between her labia.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus holds Shepard's hips and buries himself completely in her again, prompting Shepard to rise up and curl her fingers.

GARRUS: [grunts with effort]

SHEPARD: Ah, yes...

Panel 2: Shepard holds her hand palm-up as Garrus moves his own hand to hold hers.

Panel 3: Shepard clasps Garrus's three-fingered clawed hand and kisses the back of it. Garrus rubs his cheek against her hair.

Panel 4: Garrus bites the back of Shepard's neck—fortunately much more gently than he had her breast earlier. Shepard clutches his hand and gasps.

Panel 5: Garrus continues thrusting into Shepard. From this angle, her engorged clit peeks out.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Shepard lies back down and grabs at the bedsheets. Garrus holds her by the shoulder and clasps his other hand over hers as she balls up the sheets in her fist. He kisses the back of her neck.

GARRUS: Shepard...

SHEPARD: YES... ah, Garrus... you're so good... so good...

Panel 2: Garrus looks back as he reaches under her.

SHEPARD: so... [moans]

Panel 3: Garrus presses the tip of his finger against Shepard's clit.

Panel 4: Closeup on Shepard's parted lips as she pants. Garrus presses his cheek against her.

Panel 5: Shepard lifts her head to look back at Garrus. He tenderly licks her cheek. His hand still grips hers.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Shepard lies back down, hands flat against the bed. She's sweating profusely, and her blush is back in full force, spreading all the way to her ears. Garrus grasps her shoulder and purrs a request into her ear.

GARRUS: Tell me what you want, Shepard.

SHEPARD: [moans]

Panel 2: Shepard lifts her head to answer, her voice a thick whisper. Garrus takes the opportunity to tease more out of her.

SHEPARD: I... want you t'fuck me...

GARRUS: Hmm? Didn't quite catch that.

Panel 3: Frustrated, Shepard lies back down and repeats her answer. Garrus rubs her clit as he prods her for more.

SHEPARD: [irritated growl] FUCK me...!

GARRUS: Say it louder.

Panel 4: Shepard lifts herself up, frustration clear on her pinched face. Garrus is pleased by her reaction.

SHEPARD: [exasperated groan] FUCK ME! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, ffffuck... me... OH GOD, FUCK ME!



Transcript:

Panel 1: Shepard arches her back and claws at the bedsheets as Garrus grabs her hips and thrusts faster and harder.

GARRUS: Yes... Shepard... [groans] Do I feel good to you?

SHEPARD: God yes...

Panel 2: Shepard tilts her head back, mouth wide open as she gasps. Garrus closes his eyes and urges her on.

SHEPARD: oh god... oh GOD, Garrus...

GARRUS: That's it... [pants] Come on...

Panel 3: Shepard falls back to the mattress as she comes loudly, lifting her curling toes in the air as Garrus pushes hard into her.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Shepard, much happier now, lies back down on the mattress.

SHEPARD: hoo... If I didn't know better, I'd say you've done this before...

Panel 2: Garrus pulls himself out, keeping his hands on Shepard's rear while he stands. Shepard looks back over her shoulder at him, confused.

SHEPARD: Hey... Wait, you haven't come yet, have you?

GARRUS: No.

Panel 3: Still confused, Shepard tries to puzzle out what Garrus is up to. Garrus places a hand on her knee, helping her turn over onto her back.

SHEPARD: ...You're not done yet, are you?

GARRUS: No, I'm not quite that selfless. Turn over for me?

Panel 4: Shepard lies down on her back, arms above her head. She regards Garrus quizzically as he holds her legs up, slinging her feet over one shoulder.

SHEPARD: Okay, but what're you—

GARRUS: Press your thighs together.

Panel 5: Shepard complies. Garrus presses his cock between her thighs until the tip peeks through, nestled between her labia and resting against her clit.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Shepard smiles as she realizes what Garrus wants.

SHEPARD: Aha. Now I see.

Panel 2: Shepard raises her head and reaches down toward Garrus. She takes the head of his penis in both her hands.

SHEPARD: Here. Want some help with that?

GARRUS: [grunts in appreciation]

Panel 3: Garrus now has the same strained expression Shepard had when he teased her. He holds tightly to her legs as she strokes the length of his cock poking from between her thighs.

GARRUS (moaning): Yes... that's good...

Panels 4-7: Garrus begins thrusting into Shepard's thighs. She strokes, squeezes, and caresses his cock every time it pokes through.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus holds on to Shepard's legs and presses his cheek into her feet as he continues thrusting.

GARRUS: I... [pants] I'm getting closer...

Panel 2: Shepard bites her lip as she looks down toward her crotch, watching and helping Garrus get closer to his finish.

SHEPARD: Come on, don't hold back...

Panel 3: His eyes closed in bliss, Garrus gets closer and closer to the edge.

GARRUS: [groans] Shepard...

Panel 4: Closeup on Shepard's thighs. She's squeezed them tightly together and holds the protruding remainder of Garrus's cock in her left hand, which is now slick with her residual fluids. A drop of precum drips from Garrus's tip.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Closeup on Garrus's mouth, agape as he gasps one last time before his finish.

Panel 2: Holding tight to Shepard's legs, Garrus grimaces as he finally climaxes, groaning loudly

as he does. Three jets of white semen spurt over Shepard, landing on her chest and belly. She turns her head aside, smiling.

Panel 3: Shepard turns her head back up to watch Garrus as he comes down, semen still pooling from his tip and mingling into her pubic hair. She gives him a pleased smirk. He pants heavily.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus leans down over Shepard once more and rests his forehead against hers. She wraps her arms around him.

Panel 2: The two of them kiss again.

Panel 3: Garrus breaks the kiss and presses the bridge of his nose against Shepard's. She smiles up at him.

Panel 4: The two continue cuddling, Shepard stroking Garrus's mandible as he continues nuzzling her nose and stroking her hair.

GARRUS: So. How'd I do?



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus moves off Shepard as she sits up, Garrus's semen starting to drip down from her chest as she does so. Still oozing slightly, we can see Garrus's penis beginning to soften and retreat back into his genital slit.

SHEPARD: Not bad... not bad at all. Glad to see your aim here's as good as it is on the field.

GARRUS: Why, I'm hurt you'd even consider otherwise.

Panel 2: Garrus and Shepard each hold a bit of bedsheet and start wiping her clean.

Panel 3: Garrus casts his eyes downward as he silently reflects on the events of the evening.

Panel 4: Shepard looks up at Garrus as he shares what's on his mind.

GARRUS: Shepard, about what you said earlier... You mentioned you'd been waiting for this.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Shepard diverts her gaze from Garrus, mildly sheepish.

SHEPARD: Ah... Y'heard that, did you?

Panel 2: Shepard props her elbow up on her knee and gives Garrus a sarcastic side glance.

SHEPARD: Well, someone **did** keep putting me off every time I came to visit.

GARRUS: Come on, don't play coy.

Panel 3: Garrus sits back and looks Shepard full in the face.

GARRUS: I guess, what I really want to know is... well. Did this... mean anything to you, Shepard?

Panel 4: Shepard gives Garrus an incredulous look. She evidently wasn't expecting quite that level of question. Garrus puts up his hand as he explains what he means.

SHEPARD: Wow. Not pulling any punches for the pillow talk, are we?

GARRUS: If it's just about sex, that's fine. I don't want to assume—I just... want to make sure we're on the same page.

Panel 5: Closeup on their hands as Shepard places hers gently over his.

SHEPARD: Garrus.

Panel 6: Shepard closes her eyes and sighs as she prepares to answer Garrus.

SHEPARD: How should I start...



Transcript:

Panel 1: Closeup on their hands as Shepard interlaces her five human fingers with Garrus's three turian ones.

SHEPARD: We've been through a lot together. I'd say there's no one on this ship I trust more.

Panel 2: Shepard smiles, not seductively or wryly this time, but openly. She starts to say something important, but is interrupted by a certain voice over the ship's intercom.

SHEPARD: The truth is, I really—

JOKER (intercom): Twenty minutes to Collector Base, Commander.

Panel 3: Shepard closes her eyes in irritation.

SHEPARD (icily): Thank you, Joker.

Panel 4: Shepard grins as Garrus, looking up toward the intercom off screen, responds with similar frustration.

JOKER (intercom): Uh oh. Am I interrupting something?

GARRUS: You might say that.

JOKER (intercom): ...Oh. OH. Okay then. There's a mental image I could've done without.

Panel 5: Garrus leans over the bed to retrieve his visor as Joker finishes his update.

JOKER (intercom): Well, whatever you're doing, wrap it up, kids—we're almost there.

GARRUS: I should probably get going.



Transcript:

Panel 1: Garrus retrieves his casual clothes and begins dressing himself. Shepard watches from the edge of the bed.

GARRUS: I'm going to hit the men's showers before suiting up, so I'll be out of contact for a bit.

SHEPARD: Garrus...

Panel 2: Shepard stands and walks over to Garrus. He's almost fully dressed now, pulling his shirt collar over his head and fringe.

SHEPARD: Kind of an awkward break in conversation. You wanna finish it before...?

GARRUS: Believe me, I want to...

Panel 3: Garrus finishes adjusting his shirt, now fully dressed. He gives Shepard a toothy grin.

GARRUS: ...but after the mission. Give me something to look forward to. Besides, I'll want to celebrate, and now that we know it can work...

Panel 4: Shepard's brow furrows as she crosses her arms in front of her. Garrus places his hand on her shoulder.

SHEPARD: Let's not get ahead of ourselves. We have to survive the mission first.

GARRUS: We will, no doubt about that.

Panel 5: Garrus dons his visor as he turns to leave. He casts a final glance back at Shepard.

GARRUS: You have me, remember?

Panel 6: Shepard smiles back at Garrus with a mixture of humor and affection.

Panel 7: The circular door to Shepard's quarters closes behind Garrus as he exits.

CAPTION: END

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